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First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements

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Deserving Another Veto

The passage of the bonus bill was an obvious effort by Congress to evade blame and shift responsibility to the White House. In vetoing it Mr. Harding did the manly and courageous thing, and the whole country admires him for his act. Thanks to a stalwart minority in the Senate, that veto is now sustained.

The passage of the tariff bill is an effort to shift a far greater responsibility to Mr. Harding's shoulders. The bill attempts the impossible task of revising tariff rates in the present unsettled state of foreign production and exchange, and in confession of its failure attempts to lodge in the President unprecedented and dangerous powers to raise and lower rates. Congress, in short, makes a hopeless confusion of its tariff tinkering and then puts it up to the President to save the country and the Republican party from the consequences of its blundering.

The right time to do this rescue work, it seems clear, is now. The Fordney tariff bill deserves the same fate as the bonus bill. Ample facts urge Mr. Harding to end it by another veto.

The elastic clauses of the bill are presented by apologists as its saving grace. No matter how excessive certain rates may be, the President can always set them right, is the argument. It is generally understood that only this large power of revision and correction makes the bill at all acceptable to the President.

But we are confident that the more Mr. Harding examines this aspect of the bill the more unfavorable will be his judgment upon it. The cynics of Washington frankly declare that the clauses conferring on the President power to alter rates are wholly illusory provisions, a sham and a pretense, and so intended by the proponents. They contend that they are a delegation of legislative powers and are clearly unconstitutional. Certainly there is no precedent for them, and there is grave likelihood that they would result in just nothing after months of delay and litigation.

If regarded as valid the powers are even more objectionable, The Tribune urges. Stable rates are absolutely essential both to the importer who wishes to buy goods abroad and to American manufacturers who wish to make goods here. Large investments of capital are involved. Contracts must be made calling for delivery over many months. If rates are to be constantly raised or lowered there is certainty for no one. Neither foreigner nor American has a proper basis upon which to do business, and the consumer inevitably suffers. Such confusion yields neither trade nor protection.

Peculiarly vicious is that clause which empowers the President to shift the basis of taxation from foreign to American valuation. Senator Cummins voted against the final bill because of this provision, and it does in itself justify disapproval of the entire bill. For American valuation means a vague and indeterminate figure, which permits endless injustice and discourages all trade.

The country has had experience with Mr. Harding's high motives and will to do right, and it trusts him as it does not trust Congress. It knows that he would not abuse any powers intrusted to him. But a matter so vitally affecting the prosperity of the country cannot be left dependent upon the chance of one personality. Such elasticity is a grave structural defect of the Fordney tariff. It cannot be excused or defended. It is utterly unsound, and if upheld by the Supreme Court would hang as a threat over business so long as the bill was law. Whether "dud" or live bomb, it has no place in a tariff law.

Thus what is held out as the redeeming feature of the bill is only an added blunder. The unmistakable truth is that Congress has attempted to do something which could not be done properly at the present time. In attempting to correct its own errors it has fallen into a worse and more fundamental mistake.

There is only one fitting remedy for such a muddle. That is a veto. There is little question that a veto of the Fordney tariff by Mr. Harding would be one of the most popular acts of his administration—among Republicans as among Democrats. It would certainly be an act of high courage and true statesmanship.

Buried

Mr. Hearst's political ambitions lie somewhere under an avalanche of primary votes. Not even Murphy could nominate him for Governor now.

The results in Erie and Albany counties, where the Hearst campaign was really organized and led by men of political experience, showed how hopeless has been his cause from the beginning. Incidentally, it proves that no amount of advertising or ballyhoo can create sentiment that does not exist, or enable a man who is distasteful to the voters to force himself on them.

If Mr. Hearst had paid for the campaign publicity given him in the newspapers he owns, the cost of his candidacy would have been very great. Hardly has a day passed when he has not been favorably mentioned for Governor by one of his publications. Every word said about him by Mayor Hylan has been published in full. Every person who could be found to say a word in his behalf has been quoted extensively.

Despite all this advertising, despite the activity of William J. Conners and the efforts of Hearst representatives to convince the people that he ought to be nominated, the Democratic voters rejected him overwhelmingly wherever they had an opportunity to express their choice.

The result of the primary extinguishes Mr. Hearst's last hope for the nomination. Incidentally, it proves that when the electorate is well informed as to a man and his issues it cannot be buncoed by demagogy, no matter how expensively it is advertised.

What France Can Teach Us

Returning from France, Hugh W. Wallace, ex-ambassador, observes what stay-at-home Americans could observe if they looked about them—that we are fonder of giving advice to the people of foreign countries than of learning from them certain very useful lessons. He notices, as do most returning Americans, that we do much complaining on this side of the water of the burdens the war imposed on us, but neglect to do a great deal that could be done to alleviate them.

The people of France have discovered that the best way to pay their debts is to make more money and that the best way to make more money is to increase production. They are all of them hard at work. They are getting the utmost out of their soil, out of their manufactories and all other agencies of production. This necessitates considerable quietude on their part in the matter of complaint about their lot or criticisms of other countries. But they have discovered that it pays to say little and work hard.

The tendency in the United States just now is to be sternly censorious of the conduct of European politics by the countries of Europe, to wax bitter over the non-payment of the Allied debt and to regard Europe generally as a section of the map that would be better abolished. This attitude requires much inattention to our own business, which would be speeded up materially if we adopted more of the industry of the people we criticize so severely.

Deaths Due to Unpreparedness

Although General George H. Harries may be charged with drawing the long bow when he claims that "more than 50 per cent of the Americans killed in the war were killed unnecessarily because they didn't know how to fight," there is an undercurrent of truth in his assertion that should not be overlooked.

Now that the war is over and we can consider calmly the mistakes which we made it is difficult to minimize the handicap which we placed upon many of our men through inadequate training. It is true that the British, after the annihilation of the first hundred thousand, rushed green men into the worst of the fighting with practically no training at all. But this was done under the stress of a dire emergency. The Germans were moving their ruthless military machine forward with fierce precision, and even though the untrained English soldiers hurriedly shipped across the Channel to stand up against this efficient force fought with great gallantry and partially checked the enemy, yet they served as little more than the "kanonen futter" which the Germans so scorned.

When we declared war the emergency was hardly as imperative. We had the strong wall of French and British seasoned troops between ourselves and the Germans as we trained our men. Thanks to this wall our first fighting divisions went in fairly well prepared. But when it became necessary to furnish them with replacements injustice began to be shown. Men with little or no training in anything but the manual drills found themselves incorporated into fighting units, and cases were even reported of men getting into the first-line trenches without ever having fired a rifle.

Whether the total figure of those whose death could be laid to insufficient training was as high as 50 per cent can probably never be proved. The fact remains that the majority of the men who went into the fighting were exposed to greater danger than would have been the case if they had had the thorough training which modern soldiering requires. The blame for this is directly traceable to the country's unpreparedness. To avoid the repetition of such a state of affairs is the purpose of the anti-pacifist campaign of General Harries and his like.

The Home Run Craze

In a few more baseball seasons the interest in the annual home run contest promises to exceed the interest in the world's pennant.

It is divided this year. Half the fans are breathlessly awaiting the result of the post-season series. The other half are eagerly inquiring whether Babe Ruth or Mr. Hornsby will knock the ball oftenest out of the yard.

The home run craze has been of little benefit to baseball. It was a better and a far more fascinating game in the days when the local enthusiasm was for the team rather than for any particular player. The development of the "swatter" and the prodigious salary paid him have tended to make the team of secondary importance and to take the thrill and excitement from the game itself.

"Kings of Clout" may gain far more money and fame than their mental equipment entitles them to, even to the extent of making them top-lofty and above all rules; but they are changing the character of baseball in America, and the change is not for the better.

Kitchens and Careers

For one woman who runs a steel mill or a garage there are hundreds who import infants' wear or manufacture jam. The exhibition now displayed at the Hotel Commodore of the many enterprises in which modern business women have succeeded is noticeable in that in it the old-fashioned occupations of women, sublimated into money-making concerns, predominate.

It seems to prove, and its spokeswomen admit with satisfaction, that woman, in her search for financial success, has come back to the home, even as Maeterlinck's seekers for happiness found the bluebird singing by the kitchen hearth. Time was when the ambitious woman felt obliged to seek out strange fields and pastures new. She cried out that she must escape from the kitchen to the factory and the law office. After a half century of seeking she has learned that success can come easily in the fields to which she has been dedicated by centuries of tradition. When she learned not to escape from the kitchen but to commercialize it; when she found that silks and ribbons were not fetters but a natural medium for her creative instinct; when, in short, she "stopped fighting her job and began to develop it," as Mrs. Elisabeth Sears said, then success followed inevitably.

All this is in direct conflict with the dreams of those early feminists who saw woman's happiness only in her complete emancipation from the traditions of domesticity. If her soul was above dishwashing, they thought, then she must turn to the law or poetry. The League of Business and Professional Women seems to have discovered that a soul may be above dishwashing in one dingy kitchen but be well equipped to sell patent dishwashers to other women—to the end that all may have more time for poetry or the law when the day's work is done.

This does not prove that success in the so-called masculine fields will be denied those women whose talents fit them for competition with men. It merely calls attention to a fact once ignored by some feminists, that the old-time woman's world has commercial and intellectual opportunities which are not to be belittled.

Two Schools of Fishermen

Salt cod vs. fresh seems, according to the latest dispatch from Halifax, to be at the bottom of the question of the eligibility of the Mayflower for the international fishermen's regatta. The men of Nova Scotia still engage in the salt-fish trade, as did their ancestors before them for generations, but many of the Gloucestermen and Bostonians have turned to fresh fishing in place of the old salt-fish trade. Their fortune lies in quick trips in from the Banks, whereas the Nova Scotians go in for long cruises and do the salting while at sea.

As a result speed is the prime requisite of the fresh fishermen, whereas endurance and the ability to ride out all weathers are demanded of the salt fishermen. The Nova Scotian boats go to the Banks and remain until they have packed away and salted down their catch to the limit of their carrying capacity. This is naturally a test of staying power. The strain on the ship is greater and the work of the crew infinitely more trying. To spend a few weeks anchored on the Banks is comparatively easy for men and boats. But when the season is long and the fish are running slow, and morning after morning the little dories are dropped over the ship's side to return with the day's catch, and the task of cleaning the fish becomes intolerable, and it seems as if there would be no end of packing them away, then are endurance and patience demanded of the men and stanchness of the ship. The constant pitch and toss in a never quiet sea is strain that tells in the end.

That the Nova Scotians who make the long seasonal catches look down upon the Mayflower as nothing but a fresh fisherman is very natural. If they wish to confine the regatta to salt fishermen they are well within their rights. But if, as the Mayflower's owners claim, she can do the work of the salt fishermen, is it not the part of reaction to exclude her because she embodies certain new departures in rigging intended to give her speed, but which are not to the taste of the old school of Nova Scotian salt fishermen?

Law and the Children's Court

The nomination of Miss Ruth Taylor for justice of the new Children's Court in Westchester County promises a likely looking experiment that will be watched with interest. If elected—and her nomination by the Republicans makes her election almost a certainty—she will have a chance to show just how well a woman of great experience in the study and care of children, but without training in the law, can handle the work of a modern children's court.

There are obvious objections to letting a layman sit as judge. They have all been urged against Miss Taylor. But those who know most about children's courts have declared that a knowledge of child psychology is far more important in administering justice to children than any legal learning. The ordinary rules of evidence, for example, mean little in the trial of a child. The court machinery can take care of the legal routine. Miss Taylor will be largely free, as every successful judge sitting in a children's court must be free, to look her boys and girls in the eye and handle them according to their exact individual needs, with no legal red tape to hinder.

More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague

An Inspiring Example

[Sing Sing Prison was run at a big profit last year.]

A place of small pretension
Was Sing Sing, on a time;
It seldom had a mention
In histories of crime.
None glimpsed its future glories,
Its iron-padded halls,
Its cells in towering stories,
Its beetling granite walls.

But its undaunted inmates,
In that far distant day,
Cried loudly: "Work and win, mates,
And make our prison pay!
No kind protective tariff
Will make us great or strong,
But every county sheriff
Will help us right along!"

This lofty spirit paid them;
It brought them fame galore,
And presently to aid them
Came convicts by the score.
Held by a common tether,
Provided by the state,
They all have worked together
To make the prison great.

And in this present century
In every clime and zone
This once small penitentiary
Is well and widely known.
And thus can any prison
Arise to wealth and fame
As Sing Sing has arisen
By doing just the same!

Sure Success

A New York man has invented a wave motor. If it will run on crime waves it will solve the perpetual motion problem.

Disheartening

There is reason to fear that peace is about to break out in Guatemala again.

The Silver Lining

Well, anyway, we won't have so much trouble with the furnace next winter.

(Copyright by James J. Montague)

More of Mr. Hirshfield

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: May I be permitted to call your attention to a misleading article by your Mr. M. Jay Racusin in your issue of this morning? Among other misstatements he says that I shifted after testifying and approved the peddler market inquiry by the August grand jury in Kings County, now being conducted by District Attorney John E. Ruston.

The fact is that I did not see your Moses yesterday and did not state to him or to any one else I was convinced that the Brooklyn grand jury investigation of street markets was non-political. What I did say was that when I went before the grand jury the grand jurors informed me that they were not actuated by political motives and asked me to make that statement to the press. I told them that I was glad to hear their professions of good faith and would with pleasure issue the statement they suggested, reminding them, however, that their final action in the matter will prove whether their protestations of fairness were true.

As to District Attorney Ruston I am still convinced that he is conducting this investigation and wasting public time and money to keep his candidacy for District Attorney alive by this artificial method of respiration.

DAVID HIRSHFIELD,
Commissioner of Accounts.
New York, Sept. 19, 1922.

The Annual Hypnotism

(From The Louisville Courier-Journal)

When a fellow recovers from his vacation his memory fools him into the idea that he enjoyed a two weeks' rest.

The Tower

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FRAGMENTS

Laughter and warmth were in the house, the yellow lamplight, the red wine, even the luminous face of love . . .
Why, therefore, should my spirit rise to wander with a grieving morn the illimitable loneliness of night?

* * *

Seasons and centuries measureless
of brave philosophies
and generous deeds . . .
Cycles and centuries,
Titans and prophets,
Buddhas and Christs,
and saints and singers drunken with rapture—
And yet the faces of this crowd
are blurred . . .
are blurred, like mushrooms
melting into earth again.

* * *

Renunciation?
it is too often
merely impotence
making a virtue of necessity.

* * *

In the starlight
I met a ghost
disconsolately reading
the inscription on a monument . . .
"There is not a word here,"
he said, "about the vices
I was so proud of,
nor the rebellion that made me what I am" . . .

* * *

Beneath the black storm shimmer
The brave wings of a swallow,
While the veiléd day grows dimmer.
Beneath the black storm shimmer
Valiant wings, and glimmer,
And a leaping hope would follow,
Beneath the black storm shimmer
The brave wings of a swallow.

* * *

"Sir," said the girl on the streetcar,
"why did you strike
that match on my eye-ball?
We are not on such intimate terms as all that!
I have known you scarcely
five minutes!"
"I pray you, excuse me,"
I murmured.
"Your eyes are the same
beautiful shade of brown
as the side of a match box—
and I must admit
I was musing—
I *beg* you, excuse me!"
"Oh, well," she said, "the error
was a natural one,
if the shade of my eyes
is considered . . .
and since you were lost
in your musings . . . well! well!
the sight of but only
one eye is destroyed
and I do have another . . .
you must not allow
this little incident
to depress you!"
"But it does," I replied,
"I was terribly careless!"
"Come! Come!" she retorted,
"Please say nothing more!"
"But," I insisted, "I'm not
in the habit"——
"Sir! Sir!" she cried, interrupting.
And then she turned from me coldly,
but her manner
said plainer than words
that she found
my apologies tiresome . . .
Alas! that I should have bored her!
for I think
she was learning to love me!
I make such good beginnings
with the women!—and then
with an over-politeness
(to which they have not
been accustomed
in this busy age)
I spoil everything!
Always!

Every time we start to write a wheeze about the coal situation, we think of what there isn't in our own cellar and the ink turns pale on our pen.

Our Own Wall Mottoes

THE GOLDEN DAYS
ONE WASTES
IN TOIL
WILL NEVERMORE RETURN!
THE PROPER SORT
OF MIDNIGHT OIL
WAS MADE TO DRINK,
NOT BURN!

Recommended to readers: "More Memories," by William Butler Yeats, now appearing in *The Dial*. We have found it more interesting than anything of the sort we ever read before . . . which is a clumsy way of putting it, as we have never read anything just like it before. George Moore says in "Hail and Farewell": "All the Irish movement rose out of Yeats and returns to Yeats." And the strange, beautiful, mystical spirit which is Yeats and is the core of the Irish literary movement is expressing itself without reserve in "More Memories."

"How beautiful upon the mountings" . . . began the Old Soak, and then he paused and considered.

"What are you trying to get at?" we inquired.

"One of these here quotations," he explained, "from the good book. Oh, yes; I got it now: *'How beautiful upon the mountings are the feet of them that brings liquor across the border!'*"

DON MARQUIS.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST

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What Children Used to Read

By James L. Ford

I sometimes ask myself if there are any among the living who recall as vividly as I do certain periodicals of long ago that deserve grateful remembrance.

And I wonder if "Our Young Folks" is still a fragrant memory in the minds of those advanced in years but not yet senile who were among its readers more than half a century ago. Published in Boston at a time when that city was the literary center of the country and the editor of "The Atlantic Monthly" piped for New York authors to dance, it sprang into the arena armed cap-à-pie with a list of contributors whose equal it would be hard to assemble at the present day. Unlike other magazines which in later years have sought to enter the field that it filled to the complete satisfaction of the juveniles who devoured its contents so eagerly, it was written and edited for children to read and not for parents to buy. Throughout its course it avoided the rock of crafty commercial appeal on which so many of its successors have foundered.

I cannot at this remote day recall the name of its editor, nor did it concern us much, so great was our delight in the stories he provided for us. Whoever he was he must have possessed a childlike heart allied to a brain wise as that of the fabled ape. I recall, however, the names of some of the contributors: Gail Hamilton, J. T. Trowbridge, Thomas Bailey Aldrich and others, but more vividly do I remember what they wrote.

It was in those pages of hallowed memory that Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy" appeared in serial form, and I have looked in vain since then for a truer portrayal of American boyhood. It was there, too, that I followed with breathless interest the career of a boy named Paul Parker, in "Winning His Way," a tale of the Civil War. An installment that held us all spellbound was the one ending with the line: "And Paul lay cold and motionless among the dead." Innocent as I was then of all knowledge of the serial fiction trade, I feared the worst and felt that I could hardly wait for the next number of the magazine to reach me with tidings of Paul's fate. I did not know that no author who killed his hero in the middle of the story would find a market for his work.

Another tale of the Civil War times that lives even more distinctly in my memory was "The Drummer Boy," rich in character studies of soldier life. There were the old drum major, St. John, Seth Tucket, who quoted poetry and furnished the comedy relief, though we did not know it by that name; the cowardly Jack Winch, and the hero, Frank Manly. I think Gail Hamilton was the author of the fascinating serial in which "Gertie" and "Trip" figured conspicuously. Mrs. Abby M. Diaz wrote the William Henry letters and Lucretia Hale told of the doings of the simple-minded Peterkin family and their sage counselor, the lady from Philadelphia.

A contemporary of "Our Young Folks" was "The Riverside Magazine," of whose contents I recall only a series of stories called "The Once Upon a Time Club," in which a group of boarding school boys told stories to one another. The series was the work of a writer who signed himself Vieux Moustache, and I have often wondered who he was and why I have never seen anything else from his pen. Few modern authors have caught and transmitted to the printed page the spirit of schoolboy life as did Vieux Moustache. I read his tales while at boarding school, and they were passed from hand to hand until we had all read them. That they stood this acid test fairly indicates their supreme merit.

In considering the excellence of those publications we should remember that they were printed during an age of literary innocence before the art of "writing down" to supposedly unsophisticated readers had become the vice of which so many present-day editors and authors are guilty. The youthful and even the childish understanding is keenly critical of the fiction known to the book trade as "juveniles," and lurking in the backs of those minds is the suspicion that books addressed ostensibly to boys and girls are really prepared with one eye, if not both, on their elders and belong in the same category with those dreary diversions called "teachers' games."

Coeval with the magazines I have named was "The Boys' and Girls' Weekly," issued from the press of Frank Leslie, around whom clusters much Park Row legendry.

"The Boys' and Girls' Weekly" introduced into juvenile literature a personal element of the kind that later found full fruition in the pages of our Sunday press, its most popular feature being a series entitled "The Distinguished Scholars of Our Public Schools," with biographies and portraits of the children thus exploited. The first of these biographies celebrated the intellectual prowess of a certain bright lad, and, it is needless to say, was carefully preserved by him for future use. Two years later he presented himself before Mr. Leslie and asked for a job.

"What testimonials do you bring, young man?" demanded the publisher pompously.

"You can't go back on that," rejoined the youth, as he placed on the desk the article that set forth his virtues. In this fashion began the career of Sidney Rosenfeld, the first editor of "Puck" and still a well known personage in theatrical circles. Mr. Leslie was very proud of his art department, which occupied a large, light room, in which the artists worked, each in a separate pen. Their employer had an annoying habit of exhibiting them to visitors, with the introductory remark "And these are my artists."

"I'll fix him next time," said "Jim" Wales, after one of these unwelcome visitations, and forthwith he procured a long pole and placed it in a corner of his cubicle. His opportunity came when the publisher ushered into the apartment the Rev. Dr. Deems with his customary remark. Wales seized his pole and made the circuit of the room, stirring up the occupant of each pen and crying "Now, then, roar! Roar!"

What Readers Say

The Near East Crisis

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I have frequently said the two fundamental mistakes of the war were the withdrawal of Russia and the armistice. The instability of the Russians has resulted in Sovietism and the armistice laid the foundation for all the troubles in regard to reparations.

The present situation in the Near East seems the direct consequence of a vacillating policy. Had Lloyd George stood firmly behind the French on reparations they would now be with him at Constantinople. The British Premier is getting a dose of his own medicine.

It is natural for the French to feel that their first duty is to guard against Germany, since they have been clearly deserted by their allies, and yet the Turk must not be permitted to come back into Europe.

CHARLES S. HARTWELL.
Brooklyn, Sept. 19, 1922.

Father and Pal

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: At present juvenile crimes are very numerous. What are they blamed to? Usually the mother. People say that she has not trained her boy right. It is my opinion that it takes a mother to raise a boy from babyhood to boyhood, but it takes the father to raise him from boyhood to manhood.

I have been a boy and I know that there are things which a boy feels are only for his father to hear; he does not wish to worry his mother with them, and unless the father is not only a father but a pal the boy often keeps things to himself. A fellow who has no pal, no father, to tell his secrets to often forms bad ideas of things and later goes wrong. If the father would only reach the boy's heart, and that is not hard to do, and get his secrets, guide him and get him interested in clean American sports, then the problem of stopping juvenile crimes would be easy, for there would be very few crimes to stop. The mother has a great deal to do with the raising of a boy, but it takes a father, a dad, a real pal, to make the fine men. RAY E. HARRIS.

New York, Sept. 19, 1922.

A Regular Amendment

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: One of your correspondents, writing of minority rule, speaks of the wishes of 4 per cent of the people being in conflict with those of 96 per cent and asks if the same situation does not apply to the Eighteenth Amendment. There is no comparison between the two. The Eighteenth Amendment became a part of the Federal Constitution through ratification by more than three-fourths of the states of the Union. The legislatures of forty-six states voted for ratification and the legislatures are supposed to represent the wishes of the people who elected the members of the legislatures. If the legislatures do not represent the wishes of the people then our form of government is a failure.

It is the duty of every loyal and patriotic American to uphold the Federal Constitution, whether he thinks the Eighteenth Amendment is a good thing or not. It is in the Federal Constitution and is as much a part of that great document as any other amendment. There can be no evasion on that subject. The Constitution is the supreme law of the land, and as such is entitled to the support of all good citizens.

AN AMERICAN.
Paterson, N. J., Sept. 18, 1922.